

IN MEMORIAM.

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It died from an overdose of "Gum."

For further particulars of this sad demise see editorial pages of this issue.

R. I. P.

Your Christmas Cheer
can be secured from

J. J. WILLIAMS

211 W. Bay St.
Jacksonville, Fla.

LARGE AND FINE STOCK OF

Whiskies, Wines and Beer

Mail Orders shipped the day
we got them

SEND FOR PRICE LISTS

J. J. WILLIAMS

211 W. Bay St. - Jacksonville, Florida

**For Real Estate
Rents and Loans**

BUCKMAN

22 1-2 Hogan St.
Jacksonville, Fla.

**Southern
Fuel and Supply Co.**

Jacksonville, Fla.,

CONTRACTORS FOR

GRAVEL ROOFS

SELLERS OF

ROOFING & MATERIALS.

LET THE—

Consolidated Fruit Co.

DISTRIBUTE YOUR

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Car Lots and Less than Car Lots.

WALTER HAWKINS.

228 West Bay Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

**Christmas
Cutlery**

**Pocket, Table and
Workbasket**

Order it from

Florida Hardw'e Co.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Goods shipped promptly.

IN THE SUN'S CHARIOT

Intimate Talks Between Publisher and Reader

When the time came to count up our street and news stand sales last week we expected to be surprised, but our expectations did not begin to reach the evidence presented by the figures.

We are obliged to use big figures when we tackle SUN circulation.

It is just about the BIGGEST THING OF THE KIND in the big State of Florida.

It is growing like the troubles of the Czar of Russia.

Every time the postman calls he brings orders for THE SUN from friends in Florida, who have availed themselves of our clubbing offer with one of the sixty papers on our list.

These orders are coming in faster, now that the people have heard their neighbors talk about THE SUN.

Our friends in Jacksonville are writing us nice letters in which checks are inclosed to pay for a year of SUN-shine in their homes.

But, as we were saying, it was the street demand for SUNS last Saturday that agitated us.

It was fierce.

It was constant.

It was unceasing.

And, in it our expectations were so completely whelmed that there was not a vestige of them left showing above the waters that engulfed them.

We did not complain. No, not we, for we produce SUNS for the people to buy, and when the people buy them we know that we are carrying out our destiny.

We have reconciled ourselves to the conviction that WE WILL SELL MORE SUNS THIS WEEK THAN WE DID LAST WEEK.

We have about concluded that this sort of thing is going to happen all this year and all next year too.

So, we have borrowed the phrase of a well known seller of cream candy who used to be on the corner of Bay and Laura Streets, and say concerning the SUN—

"The more you get the better it gets, the more you buy the longer it lasts. GET THE HABIT."

Some Thinks by the Brethren

Without a doubt there is the shortest crop of Irish potatoes in the country this fall that there has been before in many years. We see in Northern papers that in many sections they are not worth digging and prices are higher now in all potato-growing sections than they have been before in many years at this time of the year; selling now for 70 cents per bushel, where last year at this time they were selling for 25 cents a bushel. In many places the farmers will not get what they will require for seed next spring. Now is the opportunity for Clay county farmers to make some money on Irish potatoes. Next spring the buyers will be right here with the cash, and they will be anxious to buy. They will not be asking you to "ship to our house on commission." They will buy and pay cash down; there will be big competition among them, and all who have potatoes to sell will find ready buyers.

Last spring many farmers declared they would never plant another crop of Irish potatoes. These farmers will make the biggest mistake of their lives if they do not plant this year. Put in all you can, and get your seed soon as possible, for seed potatoes are going to be high when planting time comes. They are not discouraged over at Hastings. There will be 200 acres more planted there this year than last, and Clay county should plant double the acreage it did last year. As to how much of a crop you can make we do not know, but we do know that what crop you do make will bring the biggest prices ever before obtained for the Florida Irish potato crop.—The Spring.

One ought to believe in discipline. In the home. In the school. In the church. In the city. 'Tis a rare good thing. Our mothers dealt it out to us with a loving, but nevertheless firm, hand. Our fathers laid it on with a good, strong hickory. Our teachers touched it up with a nice flat ruler. And we have noticed that in the long run some pretty decent specimens of humanity were turned out. Sometimes it seemed just a little rough on the boy or girl, and maybe on rare occasions the dose was a trifle too strong, but, considering the many times one slipped clear altogether, when it was needed, it was good medicine.

But if good old-fashioned allopathic doses were given in the olden time, in too many instances little, ineffective, homeopathic doses are promised by the parents of today, and even these are seldom administered. Roughness, cruelty, inhumanity are not to be commended. Nay, even the child heart should not be unnecessarily hurt nor his feelings injured, but firmness, truth, must not be sacrificed for a poor, weakish sentimentality.

This is no sermon. Nor is it intended as a moral essay. It is the natural deduction gained from the every-day observation of the ineffective, namby

pamby way those in authority deal with the souls and the lives committed to their care. The subjects of such methods soon learn to despise their parents, their school teachers and all others who pretend any guardianship over them. The girls who make good women and the boys who make strong men are those who are not coaxed and cajoled and petted and coddled, but those who grow up to respect the genuine loving authority over them.

The parent should uphold the school teacher, the school teacher should enlist the interest of the parent, and both should engage the honest thoughts and co-operation of the child.

Children cannot be coaxed or pounded into useful, manly men and womanly women, but "No" should mean no, and "Yes" should mean yes, and thoroughness should be expected.—Daily Reporter.

STORIES OF THE CHASE.

Big Bear Played Possum and Disconcerted Three Veteran Hunters.

Surviving the ruthless slaughter of game a few bear are scattered over the country, but many residents remember the time when monster bears were frequently brought to town as trophies of the hunt. The following is quite an interesting and somewhat humorous account of a bear hunt in this county during the palmy days when this game claimed the woods within a mile or two of the city.

Messrs. John and Albert Rogero and Paul Weidman determined to rid this section of a cunning old black bear that had been preying on their hogs. They took up the trail and finally brought their quarry to bay at McCullough branch. All veteran hunters, the trio shot straight and poured loads of lead into the huge brute, which dropped without a struggle and lay quiet. Making sure that the beast was dead the hunters sat on the carcass and congratulated themselves on the easy victory. After some time elapsed they prepared to remove the carcass, and one of the hunters, giving vent to his feelings, drew his knife and plunged it into the motionless body, saying: "You will not carry off any more hogs." The dogs were lying around the carcass enjoying the result of the chase when the knife was plunged into the bear. Imagine the consternation of both men and dogs when bruin, with a lightning-like move, sprang to his feet and attacked everything in sight. The dogs were whipped in the twinkling of an eye, and the hunters were so disconcerted that they were unable to come to the assistance of the four-footed friends for some moments. Finally Mr. Albert Rogero thought of his gun, and, seizing it, poured a load of heavy shot at close range into the brute's body. This time bruin was killed for keeps.—St. Augustine Record.

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